

Sense of Taste

I sneak the Kit-Kat bar into my mouth. My tongue cuddles the river of smooth, creamy chocolate. My taste buds quietly do the Macarena. Gently, I toss the chocolate, top to bottom, side to side. Suddenly, I break into the wafer like you would break into the soft shell of a coconut. The spongy wafer scratches my tongue. My tongue mindlessly snaps back. The wafer crackles like paper in a fire. Then the river of chocolate floats away and my taste buds squeal with delight, "Eating you was an honor. Please come again." But a new river appears and my taste buds continue the Macarena.

Sense of Taste

I grabbed a tortilla, dipped it in the mole and slowly pushed it into my mouth. The spices of the mole swam on my tongue. When the mole touched my tongue it screamed, "I'm getting burned." The taste of the sweet masa in the tortilla erased the spiciness of the mole. My tongue thanked the tortilla and I took a drink of mango and strawberry juice to refresh my mouth.

Sense of Smell

The scent of homemade tamales with spicy pepper and chicken meanders through my impatient nose. As my nose begs for more, the smell grows more powerful than a thunderbolt. The spicy smell tickles my nose until I sneeze. As I move closer to the kitchen, my nose sings me a thank you song. The juicy chicken covered with salsa and masa warms my nose like a caring mother.

Sense of Touch

I run my hand along his bumpy spine, a mountain range on his back. His fur is soft and soothing, a thick forest awaiting ticks and fleas. His tail lashes out at me like a whip, then curls around me like a boa constrictor. I run my hand back up to his head to his silky ears. Soon I discover his second set of eyes, which first jab at me, then flip back to their home. I slowly slip a light finger across his cold nose, a wet marble imbedded in his face. When I reach his mouth, he sticks out his rough as sandpaper tongue that warmly licks me with love.

Sense of Touch

Gripping the steel bar against my warm palm, I twirl once more. My hands scream for mercy. As I complete the last turn, my skin rips open and puss oozes out. My hands sting like a thousand needles jabbing into my raw calluses. I charge to the bathroom and trickle icy water over my wounds. It soothes my throbbing hands.

Sense of Hearing

"And they're off!" Out of the gate, the blur of vibrant colors swiftly flies by me. The beautiful four legged athletes push the envelope to maximize their speed. The pounding of the dirt jars the earth.

"GO, GO, GO!" all the fans holler. The herd roars into the first turn, blasts through the second turn, and thunders past the third turn. The controlled stampede rumbles on. Home stretch., They see the finish line. They kick into overdrive. It's neck and neck. My heart starts racing. Who's going to win? "It's Thunderbolt!"

"Yes," I scream.